THE coming of Calve is the biggest thing on the near musical horizon, and all indications point to a great rush when the seat sale opens Tuesday, Jan. 2, at the Clayton Music company. Not only will the celebrated singer be heard in several concert numbers, but she will give as the closing selection the famous aria from "Carmen" in costume, something of an innovation in Tabernacle events. The Salt Lake date is Jan. 12.

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The Tribune has bowed to the inevitable in the matter of the state anthem contest, and has accepted the suggestion made some time ago by the "News" that all the compositions be submitted to an outside judge for a decision. The step is a sensible one, and had it been taken in the beginning, would have averted considerable confusion and feeling, to say nothing of the gnashing of teeth over nickels expended for coupon votes that will now remain uncounted.

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The Tabernacle choir took up for rehearsal the Messiah chorus "Worthy is the Lamb," last Thursday night. It greatly delighted all and especially the old World's fair members to again work on this, one of their old prize winners. It is likely the other two choruses so much liked at that time will soon be revived.

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No one rejoiced more than Prof. E. Stephens in the handsome recognition recently received by Arthur Shepherd; it is a strong verification of what Prof. Stephens has been enthusiastically telling the public for the past six or eight years, that we have a genius in this young composer.

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The juvenile singing class that renders Stephens' "One Hundred Years" at the Tabernacle tomorrow morning, is the first stake class as yet organized, though they have had but two Saturday rehearsals to master it, they will doubtless give a good account of themselves and of Pioneer stake as well.

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The people of Sandy have installed a large reed organ with two manuals and pedals in their church, and a concert was given there last evening, at which Organist J. J. McClellan, H. S. Ensign, Miss Judith Anderson and Ed Midgley appeared.

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Miss Linnie F. Rutt will sing a soprano solo in the First Presbyterian church tomorrow evening.

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Hugh Dougall has extended the field of his vocal teaching to include Ogden, and will visit that city twice a week.

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Various Salt Lake singers have been busy the past week filling engagements in and out of town, having been booked through Fred Graham's music bureau.

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The electric automatic piano is invading this market, apparently to stay. A prominent local house reports a steady demand for them, the best customers being hotels and saloons.

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The organ concert given by Prof. McClellan last Monday night in the First Methodist church at Grand Junction, Colo., was so successful that the people there have resolved to have him visit their town periodically and play for them.

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Mrs. Henry Kirkman, Miss Ella Lovenstein and Miss Grace Berge will give a vocal recital on the evening of Jan. 9 next in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, with Miss Hope McIntyre as accompanist.

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The Monday Musical club postponed its regular meeting of last Monday evening, until last Thursday evening, in Miss Sharp's studio. The evening was given up to the works of Liszt, Rubinstein and Italian songs. The attendance was good and the evening profitably spent.

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The Liberty stake choir is rehearsing diligently for the musical part of the coming stake conference.

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Mrs. Ella Cummings Wetzell will sing "Bethlehem" by Coombs, at the morning's service in the Christian Science church.

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Miss Agatha Berkhoel leaves on the 26th inst. on a flying trip to Chicago, where for 10 days she will take daily vocal lessons of Madame Fox. Then she will continue on to New York and remain three weeks, studying daily under Madame Motte, returning to Salt Lake Feb. 1. Miss Berkhoel will look up the latest and finest church and concert music, listen to the greatest organs, and absorb as much musical nutriment as is possible the time she is away.

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The musical programs for the State Teachers' association, which is to meet in this city Jan. 2-5 next, will be as follows:

Tuesday evening, University of Utah—Prof. William C. Clive and son, Clifford C. Clive, violin and piano; vocal solo, Miss Lillian Turner.

Wednesday evening, Assembly Hall—Ervin C. Lawson, piano; Imperial quartet, vocal numbers.

Thursday afternoon, Assembly Hall—Chorus of boys from Jackson school.

Thursday evening, Assembly Hall—Orpheus club.

Friday afternoon, Assembly Hall—Chorus of girls from Lafayette school.

Friday evening, Assembly Hall—Erwin C. Lawson, piano; Mrs. Wetzell's chorus of young ladies.

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The music section of the State Teachers' association, of which Prof. Wetzell is president, will meet in the Lafayette school building, Jan. 3, at 2 p. m. The following program will be presented:

Music—School choruses.

Class demonstrations—Keys and modulations; note and measure values; time and rhythm exercises.

Paper by Prof. Squire Coop, University of Utah—"The Relation of Education in Music in Elementary Schools to that in High Schools and Colleges."

Paper by Prof. J. R. Boshard, supervisor of music, Provo, Utah—"The Vocal Training of Young Children."

Paper by Principal J. H. Coombs, Lafayette school, Salt Lake—"Instruction in Music as an Aid to Mental Development."

Discussions.

Election of officers.

Prof. Willard Weihe will entertain those present at this meeting with his violin, and will be accompanied by Prof. Arthur Shepherd.

SHARPS and FLATS.

Frank Pixley, the librettist, has made arrangements to spend the winter once more at Pasadena.

"Rob Roy," formerly in the repertoire of the Bostonians, has been revived at the San Francisco Tivoli.

Stillman Kelly is engaged in composing a musical accompaniment for a mystical drama which young Henry Irving soon will bring out in London.

Reginald de Koven, owner of the Lyric Theater in New York, is objecting to the removal of his opera, "Happyland," from that house to make room for Mme. Bernhardt.

Mrs. Mary Kidder, mother of Edward E. Kidder, the playwright, and the writer of many songs, died Nov. 25 at the home of her brother, Daniel W. Pepper, in Chelsea, Mass., at the age of 86. It is said that Mrs. Kidder wrote over 1,000 hymns during her long career.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, has insured his fingers for $5,000 for each or any finger or thumb that may be disabled during his tour of this country. If he meets with any accident that will make him miss any concert he is engaged for, the policy also provides that he be paid $2,000 for each such concert, all of which, whether true or not, is a very clever advertising dodge.

The McDowell club of New York had its first meeting last Tuesday evening at the studio of its president, Mr. Hefley. One of the speakers on that occasion remarked: "I have often wondered whey any one should voluntarily and deliberately choose to become a composer of music. It is at once the most difficult and the most ungrateful vocation. Writing an orchestral score is the most complex process the human brain is capable of. The higher mathematics may furnish similar problems, but they involve only the intellect, while the orchestral score also calls for imagination, creative power, and feeling. It is no wonder that under the excessive strain of this kind of creative work so many minds have given way; among them those of Donizetti, Schumann, Smetana and Hugo Wolf."

Henrich Conried says there is positive proof of New York's opera madness. "I announce a season of 17 weeks of opera—two weeks more than any previous season under my direction—and expect some of the Metropolitan subscribers to find fault with the amount of subscription money asked. Instead, I have yet to hear of one complaint at the length of the season. On the contrary, seven weeks before the opening of the season, there was not a single orchestra seat to be bought for any subscription performance during the entire season of four months. It has been the biggest advance sale in the history of the opera house—bigger by $40,000 than any previous one," exultantly declared Herr Conried. "And the demand for seats that cannot be filled approximates at least $60,000 more."

The other day in New York Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra played some new music of Elgar's—an introduction and Allegretto for strings, that, by all accounts was uncommonly interesting. "Its interest was twofold," writes Mr. Henderson, slowest to praise of all the New York reviewers, "in that is was a further disclosure of the large gifts of its maker and a triumphant demonstration that in the hands of a real master the old forms are still vital. The composition is written for a solo string quartet with accompaniment of the remaining strings of the orchestra. The form is as old as Cortili, who died in 1713, and whose works were assiduously studied by Bach. Both Bach and Handel left music in the concerto grosso form, employing small groups of solo instruments with accompaniment of orchestra. Elgar has made a searching study of these old creations and his endeavor was plainly to put new wine into the old bottle by writing a concertino in the idioms of contemporaneous music.

A Paris correspondent writes: There has been a storm in a teacup at the Conservatory. Mr. Dujardin-Beaumetz is an under secretary of state for fine arts, who is fired with an ambition to reform the century-old institutions. One of his reforms has been to appoint on the directing counsel a musical critic. From this horrid innovation came all the ire. The unkindest cut was that the critic chosen was Pierre Lalo, son of the late composer Edouard Lalo, who writes once a week in the Tempes, usually with acumen, but often with acerbity. He has rather frequently had a jibe at Theodore Dubois, a meritorious but scarcely brilliant composer. Mr. Dubois, on leaving the Conservatory, which he directed as conservatively as possible to do for several years, was naturally made a member of the directing council. But the nomination of so outspoken a musical critic as Lalo goaded him to desperation. After announcing in public that he looked upon Lalo's appointment as a direct insult to himself, he resigned. Saint-Saens has followed suit and Massenet's resignation is pending.

Geraldine Farrar, the gifted young Massachusetts prima donna, who has just been engaged by Director Conried of the New York Metropolitan opera, is one of the most talked about young women in Germany. In four years she has risen from the ranks of the unknown to an enviable degree of operatic glory in this Mecca of great singers. The crown prince of Germany, like any impressionable youth, conceived a genuine fondness and admiration for the American singer's talents and charms and exercising princely prerogative, showered upon her such attentions as prima donnas from time immemorial have been accustomed to receive from royal appreciators. The kaiser himself has paid Miss Farrar homage. She sang at the Berlin schloss at a private imperial dinner party two years ago. Next day a court chamberlain arrived at her home and left, with his majesty's compliments, a magnificent brooch representing the initial "W," set in diamonds and rubies and surmounted by a tiny imperial crown of pearls. Miss Farrar lives quietly and modestly with her parents in Berlin. Mr. Farrar, who is known to thousands of American baseball "fans" as "Sid" Farrar, the lightning first baseman of the former Philadelphia brotherhood team, is Miss Farrar's business manager.

THADDEUS RICH

YOUNG VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Thaddeus Rich, who has been called by New York musical critics, the "Amerkan Kubelik," is now touring the country giving recitals in the principal cities in most of the states. Young Rich—for he is not much more than a boy—comes of a family of musicians, his sister, Marie Rich, having written several comic operas, one of which had a long New York run.

The young violinist studied for years under the best European masters, and plays with a technique and sympathy that entrances his audience. His rendering of the Bach concerto in E major and the Beethoven concerto in D major has placed him on a plane with the best known masters of the violin.

His repertoire is very extensive, Paganini, Saint Saens, Tchaikowsky, Mendelssohn, Wieniawski and Chopin being among the many composers whose numbers he has in his fingers and head.

Rich played before President Roosevelt and a select few at the White House on Friday, Dec. 8.

PLAYHOUSES OF THE METROPOLIS

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—The event of this week is Mme. Bernhardt's reappearance at the Lyric theater in repertory. Her opening play, on Monday night, "La Sorciere" is known to us in its English form as presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Not much enthusiasm was shown for the English version, but the French production is vastly different. On Tuesday night we have the same old "Camille;" at the Wednesday matinee, Mme. Bernhardt's own version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," Wednesday night, "Angelo," a drama by Victor Hugo, full of the author's wonderful romance and poetry; Thursday, "Sapho" will be given, and Friday, "Fedora;" at the Saturday matinee, "Phedra," and Saturday night, a double bill, "Bohmois" and "La Femme de Claude" will be presented. Unlike the latest farewell tour of Mme. Patti, this farewell engagement of Mme. Bernhardt has passed all expectations for the box office receipts in the different cities, and at the Lyric theater, it is said that two-thirds of the seats were sold by mail before the box office sale of seats was commenced. Whatever the reason, whether on account of genius or hard work, as some say, clever and never ending newspaper advertising, the fact remains that no such ethusiasm has been shown for any other actresses as that evinced by theater-goers in New York and in all other cities of the country, where this engagement has taken her, for Mme. Bernhardt in this latest and perhaps last visit to us.

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Olga Nethersole has at last become convinced that "The Labyrinth" is not an acceptable play and that New Yorkers will have none of it. She has returned to "Carmen," "Sapho," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Camille," "The Second Mrs. Tanquerey," "Magda," "Denise" and "Frou Frou." From this list it will be seen that a tearful, suffering and honorable married woman is not to the taste of Miss Nethersole's admirers. The "lilies and languors" are not so fascinating as the "roses and raptures," as portrayed on the stage. She will give several of the same plays that Mme. Bernhardt will present this week, so we may have a chance to judge which style is most to our liking, the French or the English.

Miss Nethersole always made an effective "Carmen," and in "Camille" she was even a trifle too realistic. "Camille" has always been popular, no one can tell just why; it may be because people like unrealities, they can have the realities of life at home. In "Magda," Miss Nethersole will court comparison with yet another actress, Gertrude Arnold, who gives the play at the Irving Place theater, so we shall have three "Magdas" at one time. This would indeed be an affliction, did not the acting redeem the unpleasantness of the character.

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J. M. Barrie seems, at the present time, to be the most successful and most popular writer for our stage. "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams, is still drawing intelligent and enthusiastic crowds at every performance; at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees of this week, Mr. E. S. Willard is presenting "The Professor's Love Story," and on Christmas day, Ethel Barrymore will appear in the first performance of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." There are some points of resemblance in the acting of Maude Adams and that of Ethel Barrymore, and both have a quaint and unusual personality. If this play "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is as delightful and as suitable to Miss Barrymore as is "Peter Pan" to Miss Adams, there is another treat in store for the playgoers of New York.

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This season appears to be a time of revivals in the musical world as well as in the dramatic. This week at the Metropolitan opera house on Friday night "La Sonnambula" will be sung with Mme. Sembrich, M. Caruso and M. Plancon. If anything can restore to life this old opera, the singing of Mme. Sembrich and of M. Caruso should be able to accomplish it. We have "La Favorita" again on Monday night, in spite of the not very general interest evinced at its revival a week ago. On Wednesday night Mme. Fremstad sings for the first time the part of "Brunnhilde" in Siegfried. For the Saturday matinee "The Queen of Sheba" will be ivgen, with the same cast as at its premiere. Mme. Rappold's popularity is increasing, her voice being wonderfully sweet and clear. Saturday night will be given to "La Giaconda," with M. Dippel, for the first time, as Enzo.

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There will be but two more opportunities for New York theater-goers to see the present production of "King Lear"—at the Friday night performance and Saturday matinee of this week. This play, as given by Mr. Mantell, has provoked considerable comment and criticism, much of which is prejudiced and some not very intelligent. One objection was that the lines were cut and many incidents necessary to an understanding of the play were omitted. As a matter of fact, there has seldom been a production of any of Shakespeare's works that adhered so closely to the exact words of the poet, and in which the action seemed so clear as this presentation of "King Lear." Mr. Mantell's reading of the part showed the most careful study, and in only one instance is the rhythm marred by the introduction of a word; the interpretation of the article "a" before woman, in the lines of the last act:

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

On Monday night will be given "Othello;" Tuesday night and Wednesday matinee, "Richard the Third;" Wednesday night, "Richelieu;" Thursday, "Macbeth," and Saturday night, "Hamlet" will be presented.

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Amelia Bingham is appearing at Proctor's Fifth Avenue theater in a revival of "Janice Meredith" which was so popular a few seasons ago. Miss Bingham plays the title role with ability and seems to be adding to her popularity with each presentation of a part now to her.

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Henry Blossom's comedy, "A Fair Exchange," has been voted a success by those who like a light, breezy and inoffensive play, that requires no thought to follow the plot and does not harrow up the feelings. Some of the lines have humor of a certain kind, relating mostly to gaming of chance, lovemaking and doings of the smart or would-be smart set. However, it all turns out well and affords Mr. Ross an opportunity for some clever and pleasing acting in the part of "Cliffe Austin."

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Italian intrigue pervades Tom Taylor's three-act drama, "A Fool's Revenge," with which Mr. E. S. Willard opened his three weeks' engagement Monday evening, at the New Amsterdam theater. The period of the play, the fifteenth century, with its romance, humors, picturesque costumes and warm coloration scheme, is an acceptable variation from the extremes of Shakespeare and the modern motive underlying the dramatic mental pabulum which New York theater-goers just now are feeding upon. Mr. Willard has played Bertuccio, the hapless and misshapen, but clever "fool" before in New York, but the present presentation of the drama reveals some improvement. The play has too many words, and, in the mouths of some of those who support the star, these pall upon the tastes of even the most patient of audiences. Mr. Willard, however, is an actor worthy of the title; with his pleasing personality, natural talent and conscientious work, it is an advantage to the metrotpolitan theatrical situation whenever he is in it.

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The long-expected change of bill came Wednesday evening at the Hippodrome when "A Society Circus" packed the house from the orchestra's rail to the S. R. O. limit and tested the patience and restraining ability of all the Hippodrome's employes. The big playhouse was closed on Monday and Tuesday to allow the prosecution of the task of installing new scenery and properties and the final full rehearsals of Thompson and Dundy's latest spectacular wonder. While it was "a first night," the magnitude of the undertaking precluded an approach to the perfection that is expected by next week and the reviewing of this, the biggest production of the season, must be left until next week. All the European novelties continue to please; Claire Heliot, with her group of 12 powerful lions, still holds spectators breathless with her daring, and Miss Marquis and her ponies never be seen too often. New York has had many shows particularly adapted to the holiday season for people of all kinds and ages who at other times seldom go to theaters but never so much for the money as the brilliant scenes and variety of action as the Hippodrome offers.

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"The Mayor of Tokio" is running smoothly along and pleasing large audiences at the New York theater. Mr. Carle is as amusing as ever and in just the same way. He is helped very much in his fun-making by Emma Janvier, whose work is refreshingly bright and unusual; it may best be described by the word droll, and she seems to be free from much of the self-consciousness that mars the work of many other actresses in her line.

ELIZABETH REMINGTON WILLIAMS.

BLANCHE BATES ON HER WESTERN PLAY.

I BELIEVE in giving something on the stage that is vital," says Blanche Bates; "something that is real; something that is human. You must respect this form of drama because it is vital, and away down in our hearts we love anything that is vital. There is a good bit of the savage left in us yet. There is a good bit of love for the primal emotions and for the crude sensations. Even the American, who is the most unsentimental person in the world, loves vitality and the simple expression of the sentiments.

"I even enjoy using profane and uncouth language. I know that the surroundings in which these words are used rob them of their vulgarity and impropriety. Location and association make all the difference in the world with the language that is used. What would be quite propriety in a western mining camp would be decidedly wrong in a drawing-room, but then we must remember, or rather the actors must remember that the western mining camp is not the drawing-room.

"In my new play I am allowed to recognize the fact that I have legs. I can even speak of them. I can even use them naturally and comfortably. I can sit on a table and swing them, and wear white stockings, and be indifferent as to whether or not they show. Oh, I tell you I enjoy it all and love it.

"For all that I think that this girl who ran a saloon in this mining camp could be, and is, just as pure and lovable a girl as any in Chicago, New York or any other large city. She can protect her womanhood there quite as well as anywhere else.

"It is my idea, also, that any woman who stands alone in the world, and who must protect her womanhood herself, finds it harder to do it in the large cities than she would on the plains. Look at all these wonderful gilded palaces to lure the girl from the straight way. Look at the snares that are held out to the chorus girls, for instance. It all comes down to this, which is still another point, and which is that those men who are living nearest to nature are the men whose love is purest in their hearts."

NEWS OF THE LONDON STAGE.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—It is no exaggeration to say that a more expectant audience has seldom gathered in a London playhouse than that which crowded the Court theater yesterday afternoon for the first performance of George Bernard Shaw's much heralded new play, "Major Barbara." A feverishly interested audience and an uncommonly brilliant one, too, which included A. J. Balfour, the prime minister, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Jameson, leader of the famous raid, to name only the best known of the many celebrities present.

And no wonder that "Major Barbara" was awaited with more than ordinary curiosity—considering the extent to which Shaw's work dominated things of late. He has, of course, been more of a figure than ever since the excitement in the United States over "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but before that the enormous success of "Candida" and "Man and Superman" had made all the difference in Bernard Shaw's standing as a dramatist. Heretofore merely a brilliant faddist, or satirist whose lampoons were too subtle to be intelligable, the tendency in this country of late has been to acclaim Shaw as a mastermind, especially since all the intellectual world of London headed by the king himself, went to see "John Bull's Other Island." What, then, was the author's promised "Discussion in Three Acts" to be like, to play in which Annie Russell was brought all the way from the United States?

Well, "Major Barbara" proves to be much of a piece with "John Bull's Other Island," which failed at home because there was too much talk in it and too little play. Still, American playgoers can't but be diverted by the spectacle of Andrew Carnegie tooting a trombone at the head of a Salvation Army squad. For there is no doubt that the millionaire manufacturer of fighting machines in Mr. Shaw's new play, is Mr. Carnegie, and lest there should be any question about this he is named "Andrew Undershaft" and Louis Calvert, who plays the part of the court, is carefully made up as the Laird of Skibo. Another character—a whisky manufacturer "whose product is advertised on the Thames Embankment" is obviously Sir Thomas Dewer. Annie Russell plays the part of the capitalist's daughter, Barbara, who has joined the army because she wants to do good, and Shaw's theme—so far as it can be discovered—is the struggle between the father and daughter's respective creeds, his being the cynical one that money and force accomplish everything, while hers is an abiding faith in Christian charity.

About these two creeds, and about all Mr. Shaw's other favorite themes there is talk interminable—though it goes without saying that much of it is highly brilliant. But Mr. Shaw has broken his word to us, and broken it in an unexpected way. He promised, remember, "a discussion in three acts," and recently warned "romantic playgoers" that he had "thrown them over completely," in writing his new piece. But "Major Barbara" is not merely a discussion and romantic play-goers are not thrown over completely, and it is just this circumstance that inclines one to believe that the latest Shavian farrago will share the fate of "John Bull's Other Island" when it is produced in the United States. For there is just enough real play and real character drawing in the first two acts of "Major Barbara" to pique our interest and rouse our anticipation from University education to how the poor live which toward the finish puts even the ardent Shaw admirer perilously close to the yawn.

Beside the stage Carnegie with his trombone we have a professor of Greek pounding a bass drum—also in the service of the Salvation Army. He is Maj. Barbara's lover, who has joined the Booth force in order to be near her, but who ultimately becomes the manager of the factory where her father's death dealing missiles are turned out. There is, it appears, a tradition in the Undershaft family, that its head shall always adopt a foundling as his business successor, and owing to Andrew Undershaft's insisting on following this rule and disinheriting his own son, he and his wife have quarreled and separated several years before the play opens. The Undershaft girls, however, Barbara and Sophie, need wedding portions so the father of the house is summoned back and in the first act we have him calling at Lady Britomart Undershaft's house, and being "introduced" to his own daughters. Taken with the girl whose religious tendencies have led her to become a major in the Salvation Army, the millionaire proceeds to draw her out, and here there begins the struggle between the two. Barbara is convinced that a visit to her Salvation Army "shelter" will impress her father with the fallacy of his creed that might make right, while he merely exacts a promise from her that she will afterward pay a visit to his explosives sheds, his model workmen's village and the rest of his plant.

That is the end of the first act, and the second, with its lifelike picture of the "army" shelter is really uncommonly interesting and dramatic. Andrew Undershaft arrives with Barbara and meets several of the converts—but what he gets out of them is not favorable to his daughter's beliefs. These converts, by the way, are among the best character studies that Mr. Shaw has given us—one of them, a slum bully, being as truly a character as the chauffeur in "Man and Superman." Meanwhile, however, the wealthy brewer already mentioned, has offered the shelter a handsome check which Barbara refuses, objecting to the means by which the money has been made. But her superiors overrule the girl, and furthermore accept a substantial contribution from the manufacturer of war implements and so Barbara resigns disgustedly, while Undershaft proceeds to lead forth a detachment of the army, himself playing the trombone, and followed by Barbara's lover, the erstwhile pedagogue, with the big drum.

There the play, as such, ends. All the rest is talk, talk about Salvationism, Whiggism, the Press, alcohol, charity, Donizetti's music, English slang, and matrimony. At the end, it is true, we know that the capitalist has won, and that Barbara is a convert to his ideas, but then we do not care greatly, for we are rather fatigued by the long-windedness of the author, who, as one of his best friends remarked the other day, is always amusing but not amusing for quite so long as he supposes.

CURTIS BROWN.